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# LESS HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU — *All Year Round* —



Four Seasons, Four Stories

Sam McBratney

*illustrated by* Anita Jeram



Spring, summer,  
autumn, winter –  
follow the Nutbrown  
Hares through the  
seasons as Big Nutbrown  
Hare teaches Little  
Nutbrown Hare all  
about colors, growing  
up, discovering nature,  
and pretend play in these  
four enchanting stories  
from the creators of  
*Guess How Much  
I Love You.*





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Guess how much I love you  
all year round

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WITHDRAWN



To Sam, Daniel, Jack, Adam, Ella, and Lydia

S. M<sup>c</sup>B.

To Di, Steve, Deirdre, and The Mice

A. J.

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Illustrations copyright © 2007 by Anita Jeram

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# GUESS HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU

*All Year Round*



by  
Sam McBratney

illustrated by  
Anita Jeram



CANDLEWICK PRESS

*Spring*





Little Nutbrown Hare  
and Big Nutbrown Hare went  
hopping in the fresh spring air.

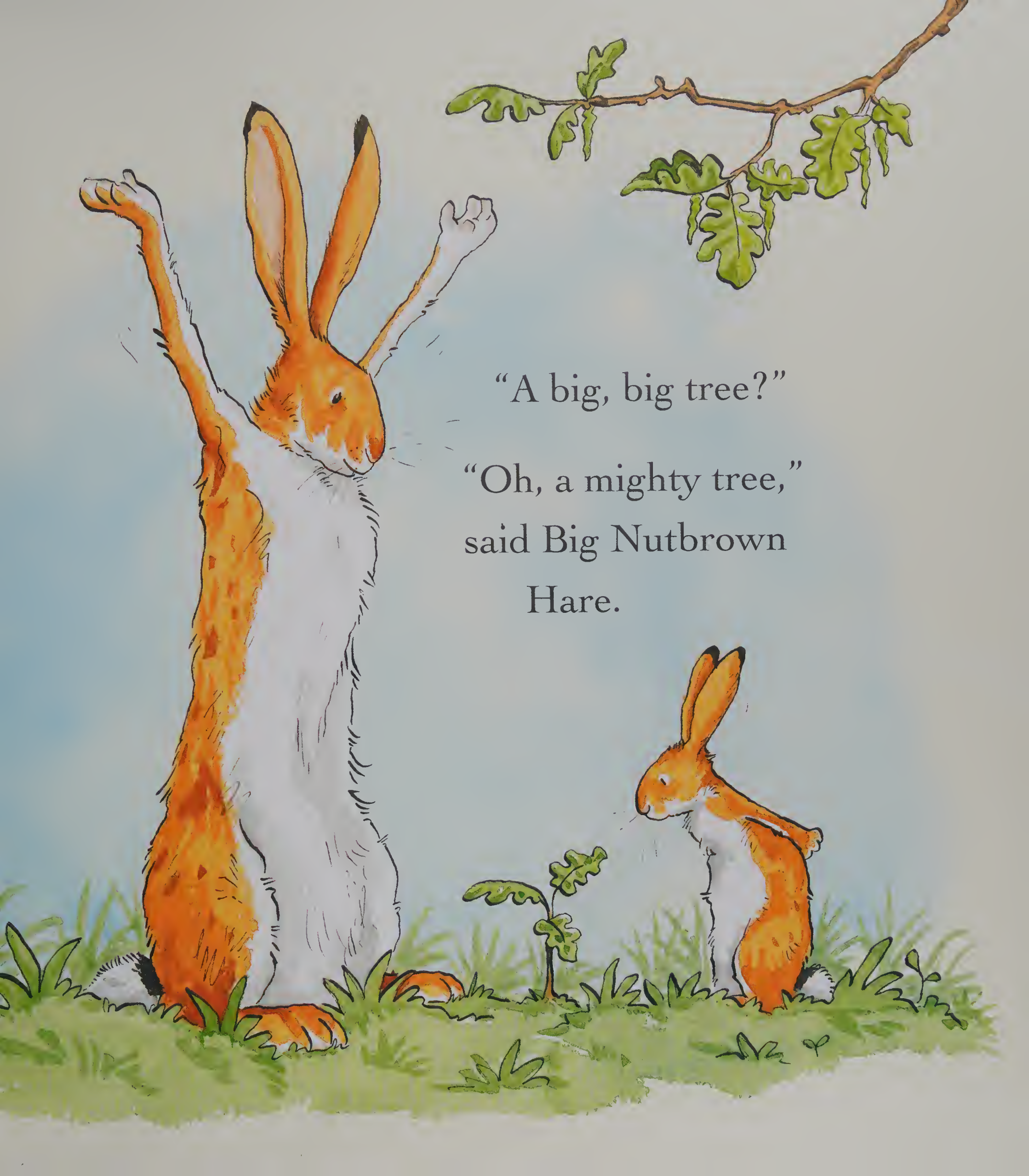


Spring is when things start  
growing after winter.

They saw a tiny acorn growing.

“Someday it will be a tree,”  
said Big Nutbrown Hare.





"A big, big tree?"

"Oh, a mighty tree,"  
said Big Nutbrown  
Hare.

Little Nutbrown Hare spotted a tadpole  
in a pool. It was a tiny tadpole,  
as wriggly as  
could be.



“It will grow up to be a frog,”  
said Big Nutbrown Hare.

“Like that frog over there?”

“Just the same as that one,”  
said Big Nutbrown Hare.





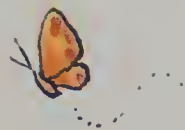
A hairy caterpillar slowly crossed the path in front of them, in search of something green to eat.



“One day soon it will change into a butterfly,” said  
Big Nutbrown Hare.



“With wings?”



“Oh, lovely wings,” said  
Big Nutbrown Hare.



And then they found a bird's nest  
among the rushes. It was full of eggs.



“What does an egg turn into?” asked  
Little Nutbrown Hare.



“A bird.”

“A big, big bird?”

“Well . . . a grown-up bird,”  
said Big Nutbrown Hare.





Does nothing stay the  
same? thought Little  
Nutbrown Hare.  
Does everything change?

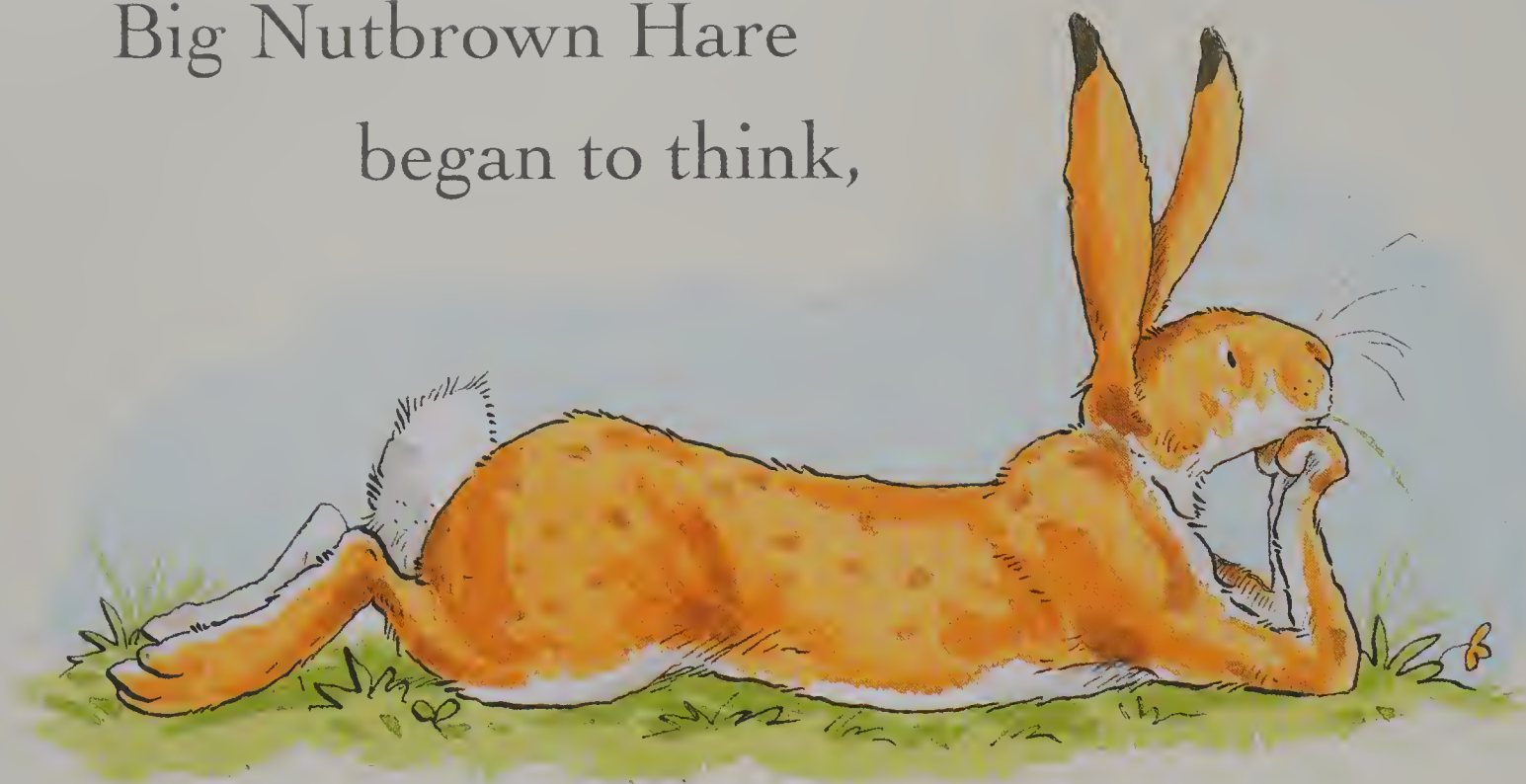


Then he began  
to laugh.

“What does a little  
brown hare like  
me turn into?”  
he asked.



Big Nutbrown Hare  
began to think,



and think. . . .



Goodness me, did he  
know the answer?



Yes, he did!

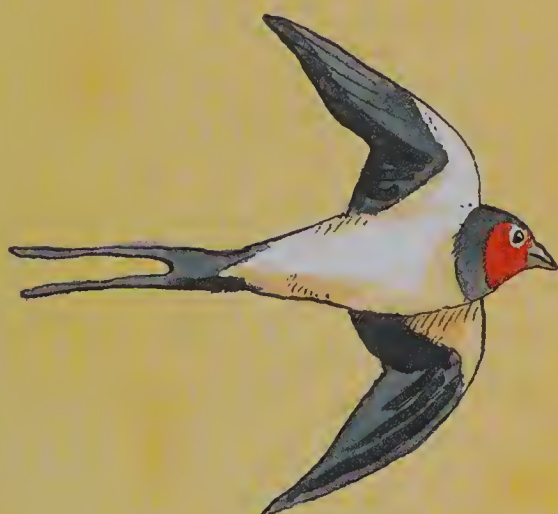
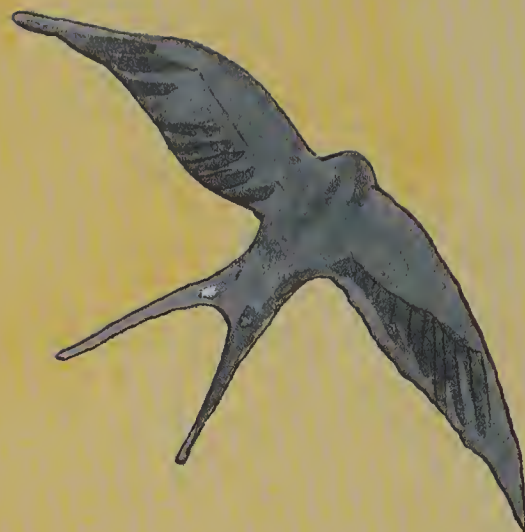




“You’ll be a Big Nutbrown Hare — like me!”



# *Summer*





Little Nutbrown Hare  
and Big Nutbrown Hare were down  
by the river on a summer's day.



On a bright summer's day, there  
are colors everywhere.





“Which blue do you like best?”  
asked Little Nutbrown Hare.

Big Nutbrown Hare didn’t know —  
there were so many lovely blues.

“I think . . . maybe the sky,”  
he said.

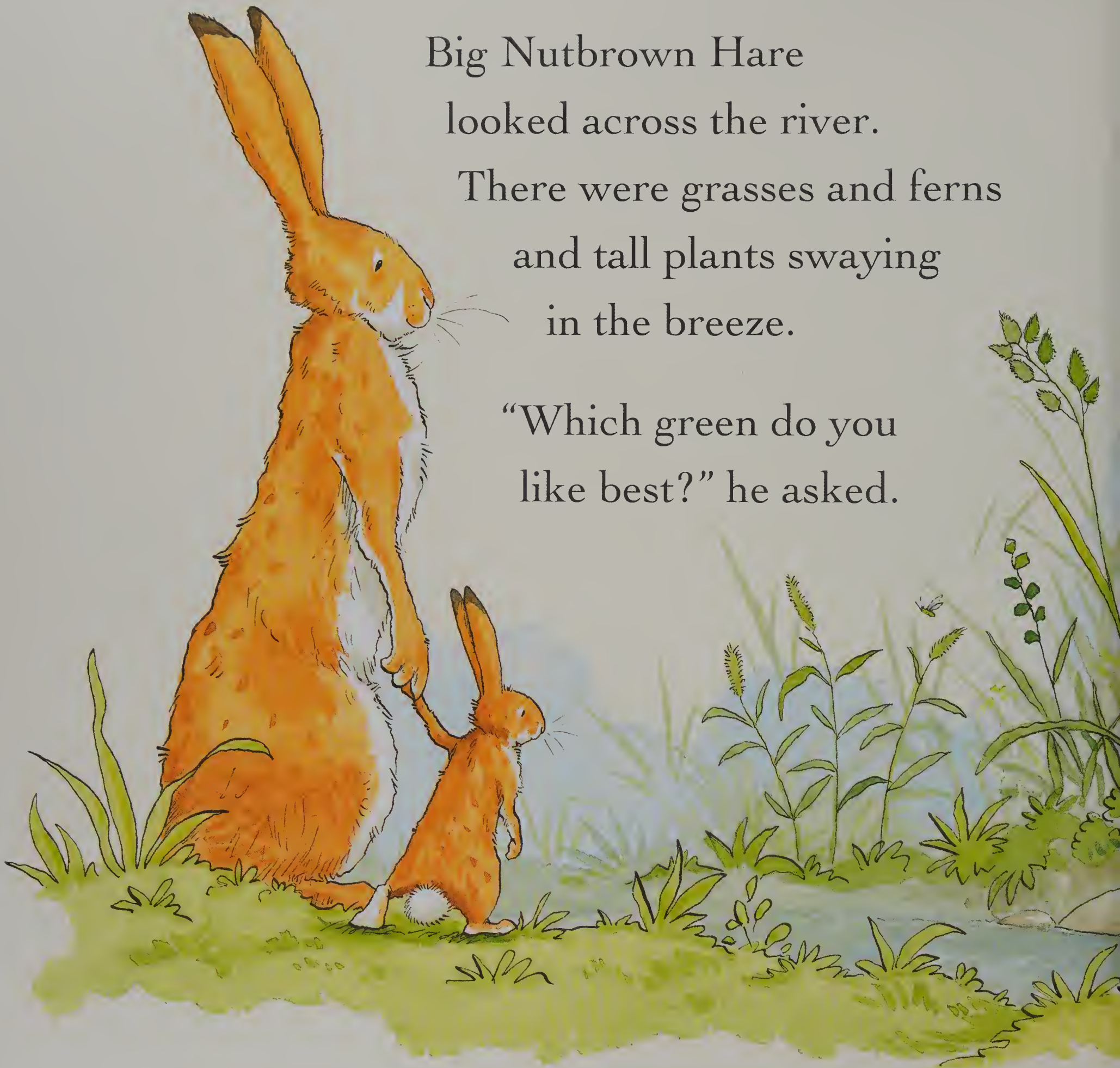




Big Nutbrown Hare  
looked across the river.

There were grasses and ferns  
and tall plants swaying  
in the breeze.

“Which green do you  
like best?” he asked.



Little Nutbrown Hare began to think,  
but he didn't really know.  
So many lovely things  
were green.



“Maybe the big leaves,” he said.



Now it was  
Little Nutbrown  
Hare's turn to  
pick a color.

He spotted a ladybug and some poppies.

“What’s your favorite  
red?” he asked.





Big Nutbrown Hare  
thought about red things,  
but it was hard to choose  
just one.

“I think maybe  
those berries,”  
he said.



Big Nutbrown Hare nibbled  
a dandelion leaf.

“Which yellow do you  
like best?”



There were so many yellows!

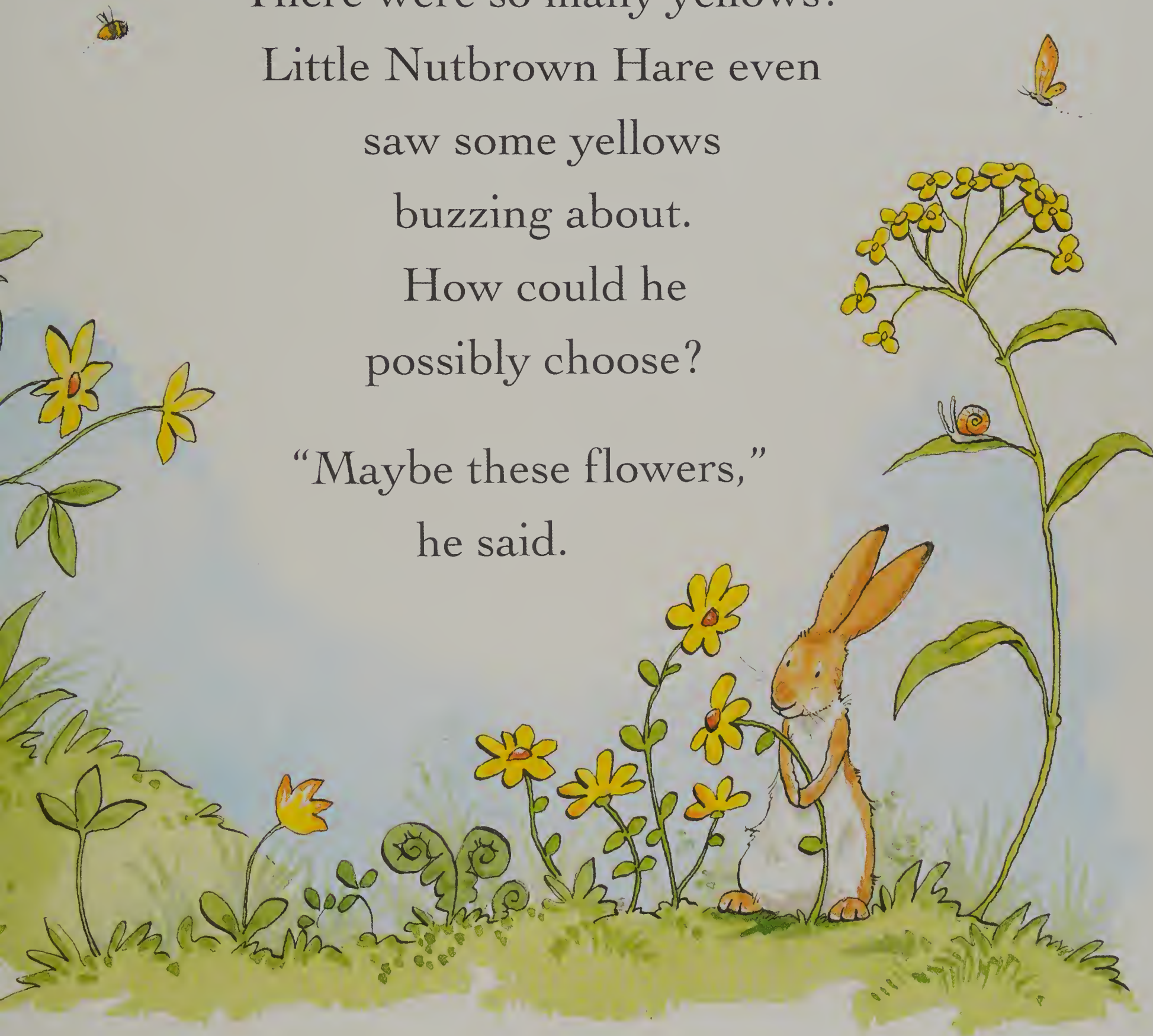
Little Nutbrown Hare even

saw some yellows

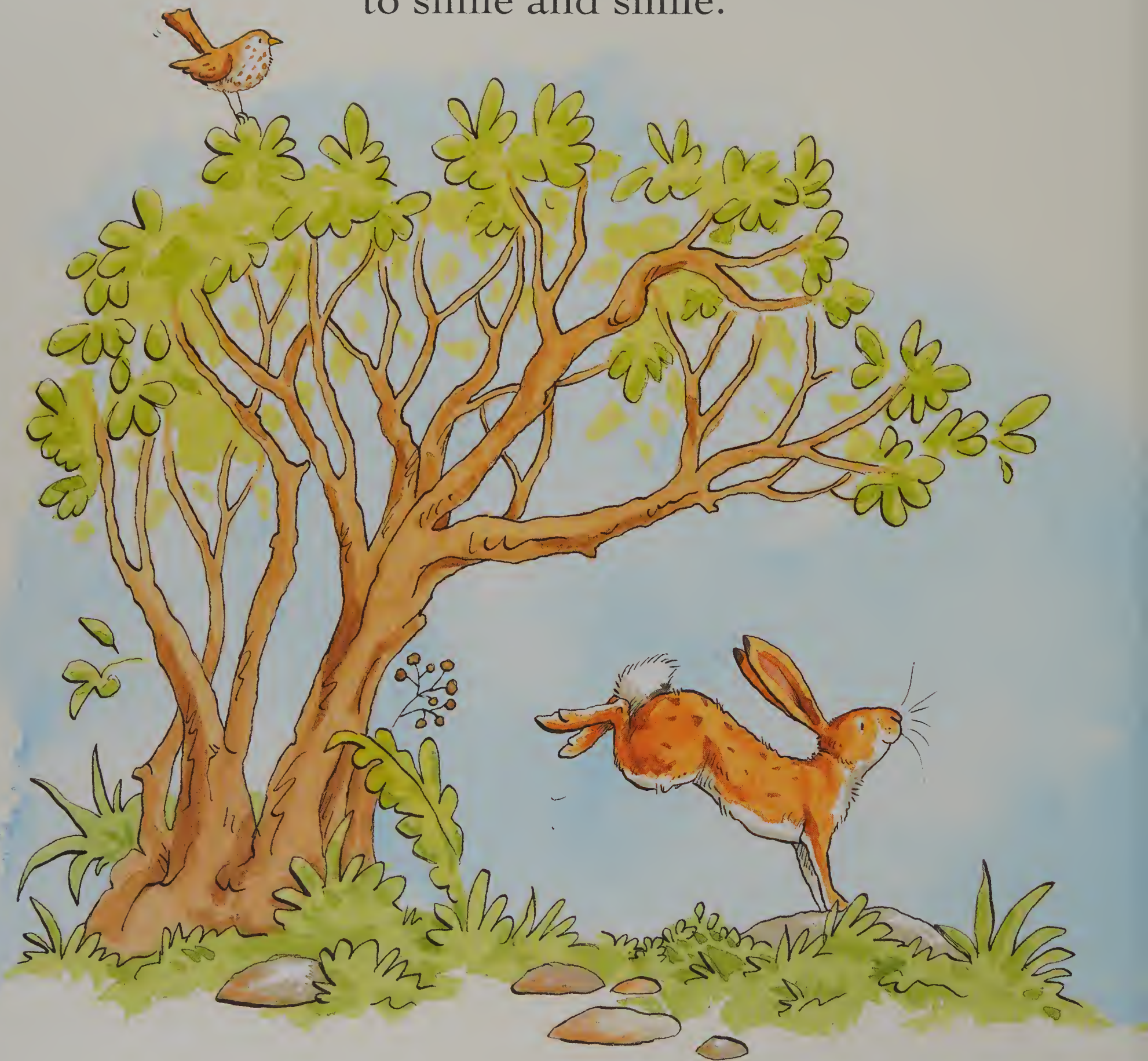
buzzing about.

How could he  
possibly choose?

“Maybe these flowers,”  
he said.



Then Little Nutbrown Hare began  
to smile and smile.



He looked at Big Nutbrown Hare and said,

“Which brown do you like best?”



And Big Nutbrown Hare smiled too.  
There were many many lovely browns,  
but one was the best of all . . .





“Nutbrown!”



The background of the page is a light, warm orange color. Scattered throughout are various hand-drawn illustrations of autumn foliage. These include several large, five-lobed leaves in shades of orange, yellow, and green. There are also smaller, more delicate leaves, some with serrated edges, and a few thin, leafless branches. The drawings are done in a simple, sketchy style with black outlines and flat or slightly textured color fills. The word "Autumn" is centered in a dark, elegant serif font.

# *Autumn*



Little Nutbrown Hare  
and Big Nutbrown Hare went out  
in the autumn wind.



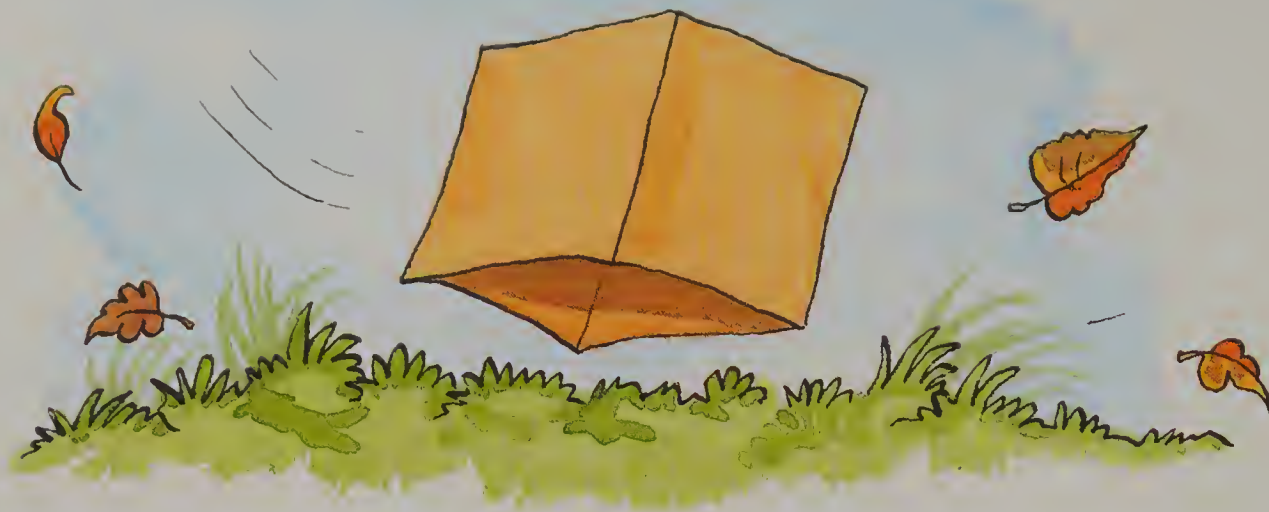
On a windy day  
the leaves were blowing.





They chased after falling leaves  
until Big Nutbrown Hare  
could chase no more.

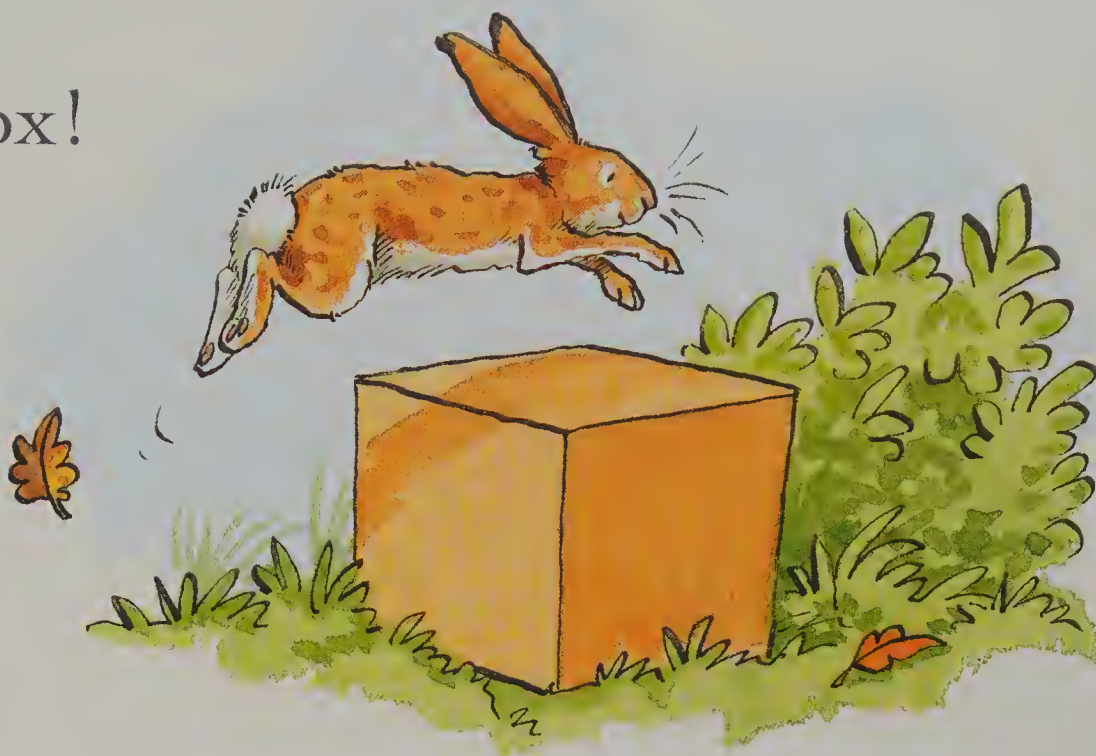
“I have to have a rest!” he said.



Then a big brown box came rolling  
by, blown by the autumn wind.  
Little Nutbrown Hare caught  
up with the box when it got  
stuck in a bush.



What a nice big box!  
It was great for  
jumping over . . .



jumping on . . .

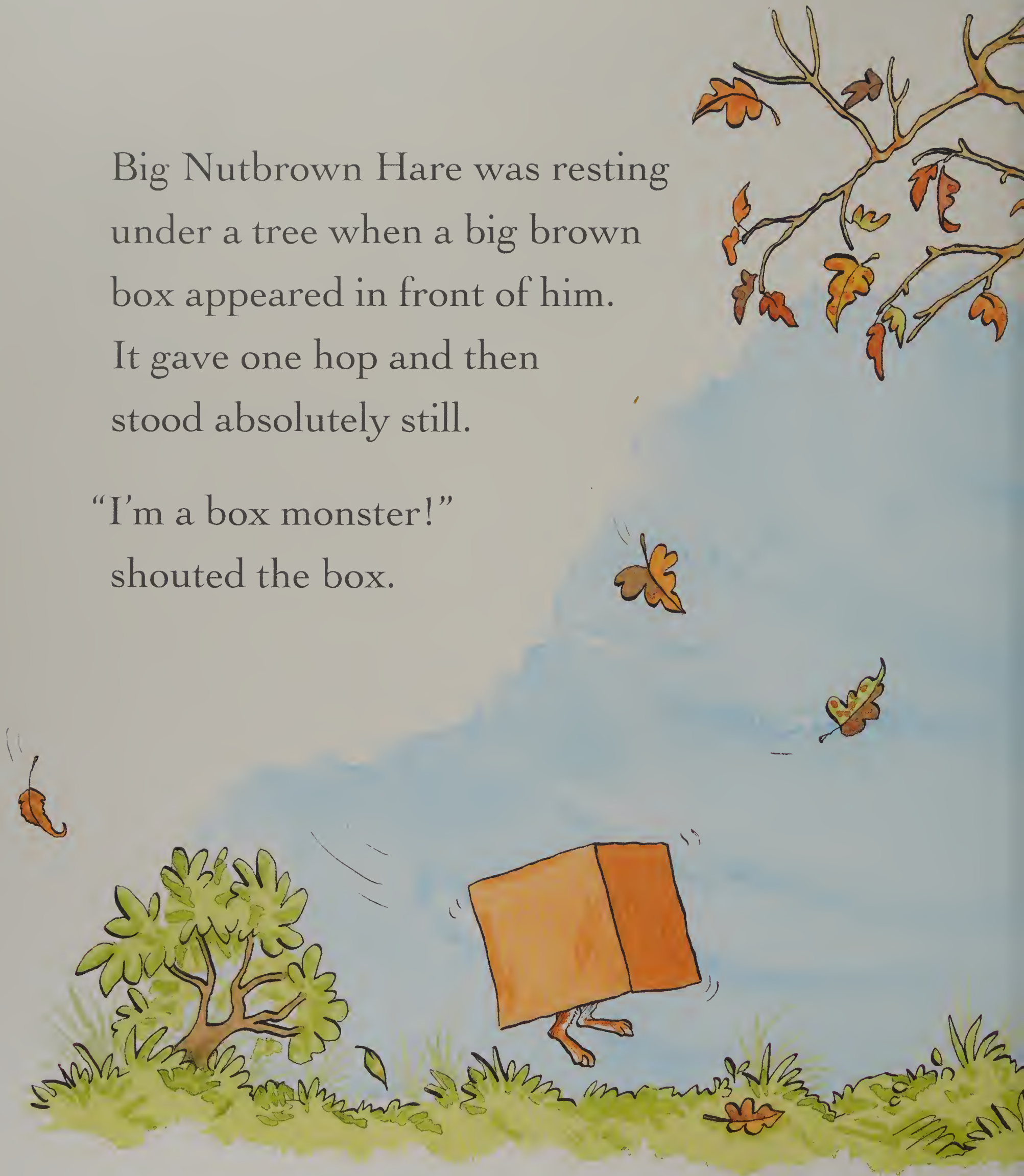


and jumping in.

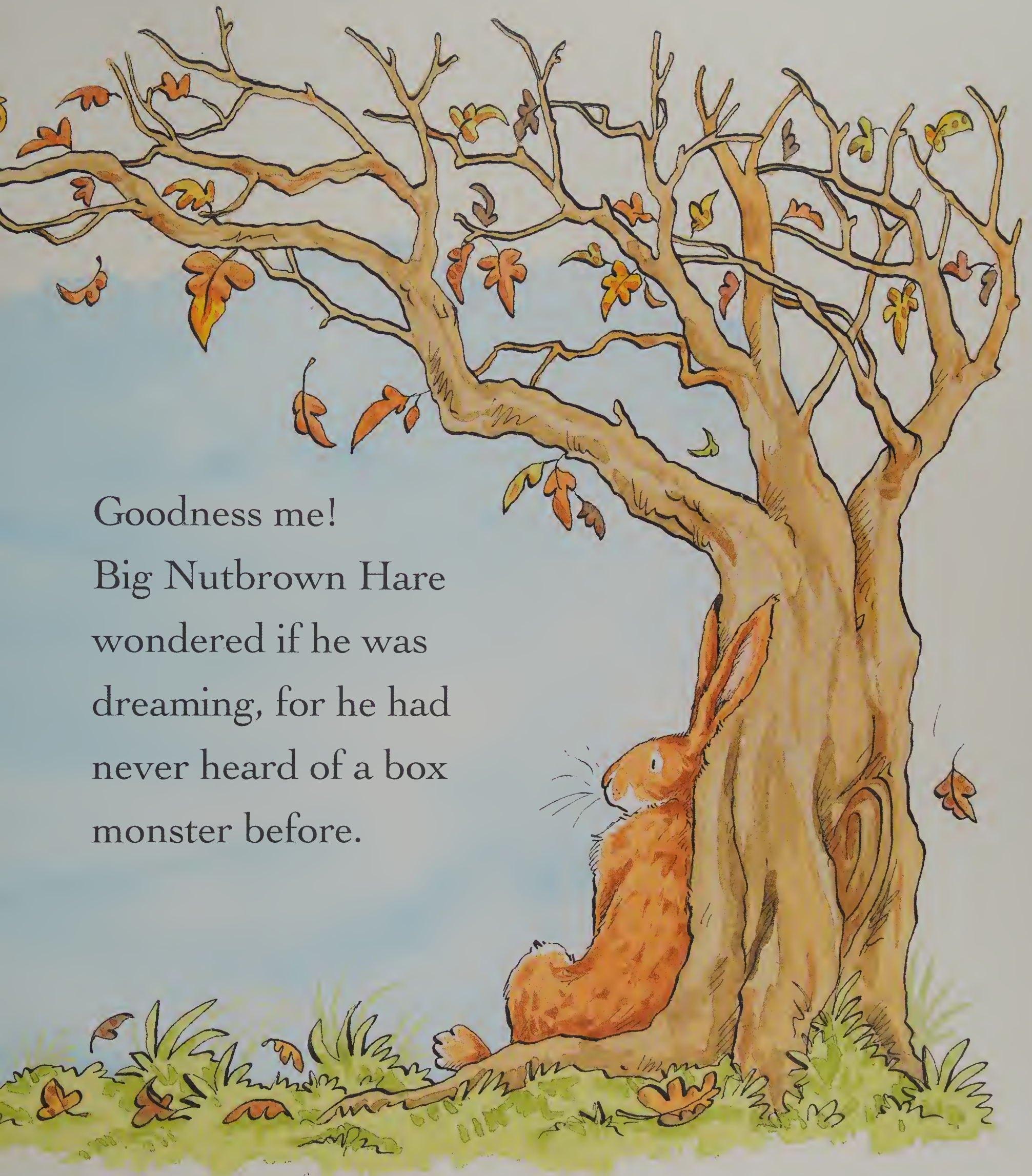


Big Nutbrown Hare was resting  
under a tree when a big brown  
box appeared in front of him.  
It gave one hop and then  
stood absolutely still.

“I’m a box monster!”  
shouted the box.



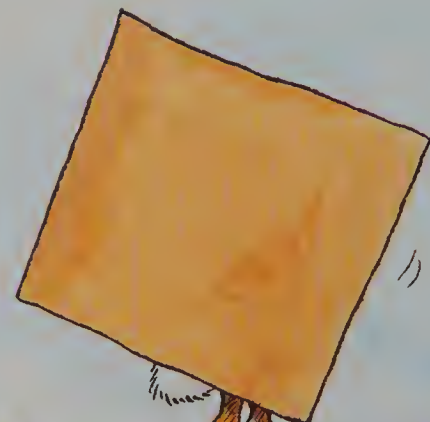
Goodness me!  
Big Nutbrown Hare  
wondered if he was  
dreaming, for he had  
never heard of a box  
monster before.





The box, or the monster —  
or maybe the box monster —  
took two hops forward.

“Here I come!” roared the box,  
hopping its biggest hop yet.  
Big Nutbrown Hare  
jumped behind the tree.





“I wonder if I should  
run away!” said Big  
Nutbrown Hare.

“No!” shouted the box, which suddenly  
flew into the air. “It’s only me!”

And there was Little  
Nutbrown Hare,  
who could hardly  
stop laughing.



“You’re not a monster,”  
said Big Nutbrown Hare.

“But guess what.”

“What?”



“I’m a big nutbrown monster —  
and I’m coming to  
get you!”







And so he did.



# *Winter*





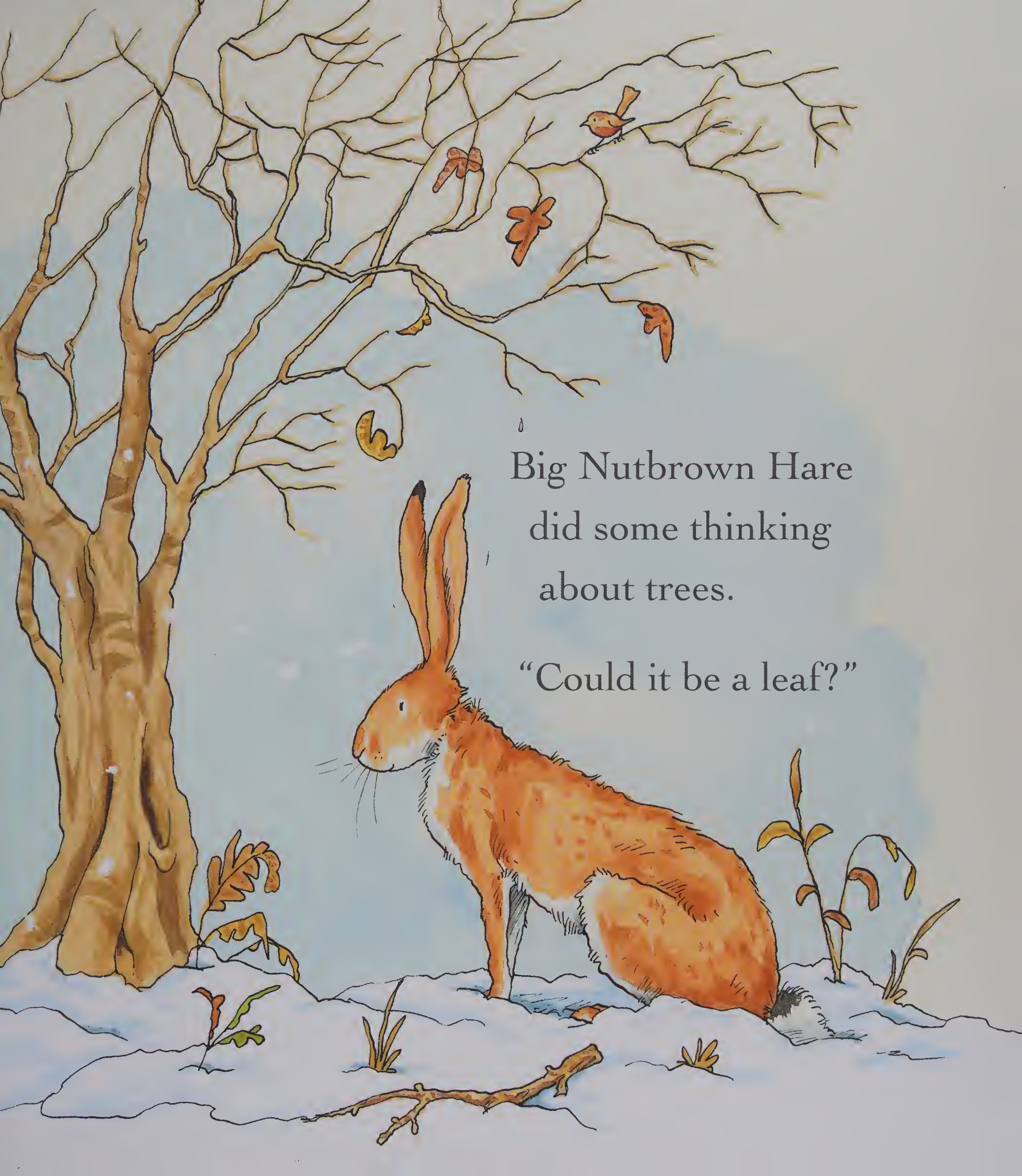
Little Nutbrown Hare  
and Big Nutbrown Hare went  
out in the winter snow.



They played I Spy as they  
hopped through the snow.  
Little Nutbrown Hare  
looked around until he  
saw something interesting.

“I spy something that belongs  
to a tree,” he said.





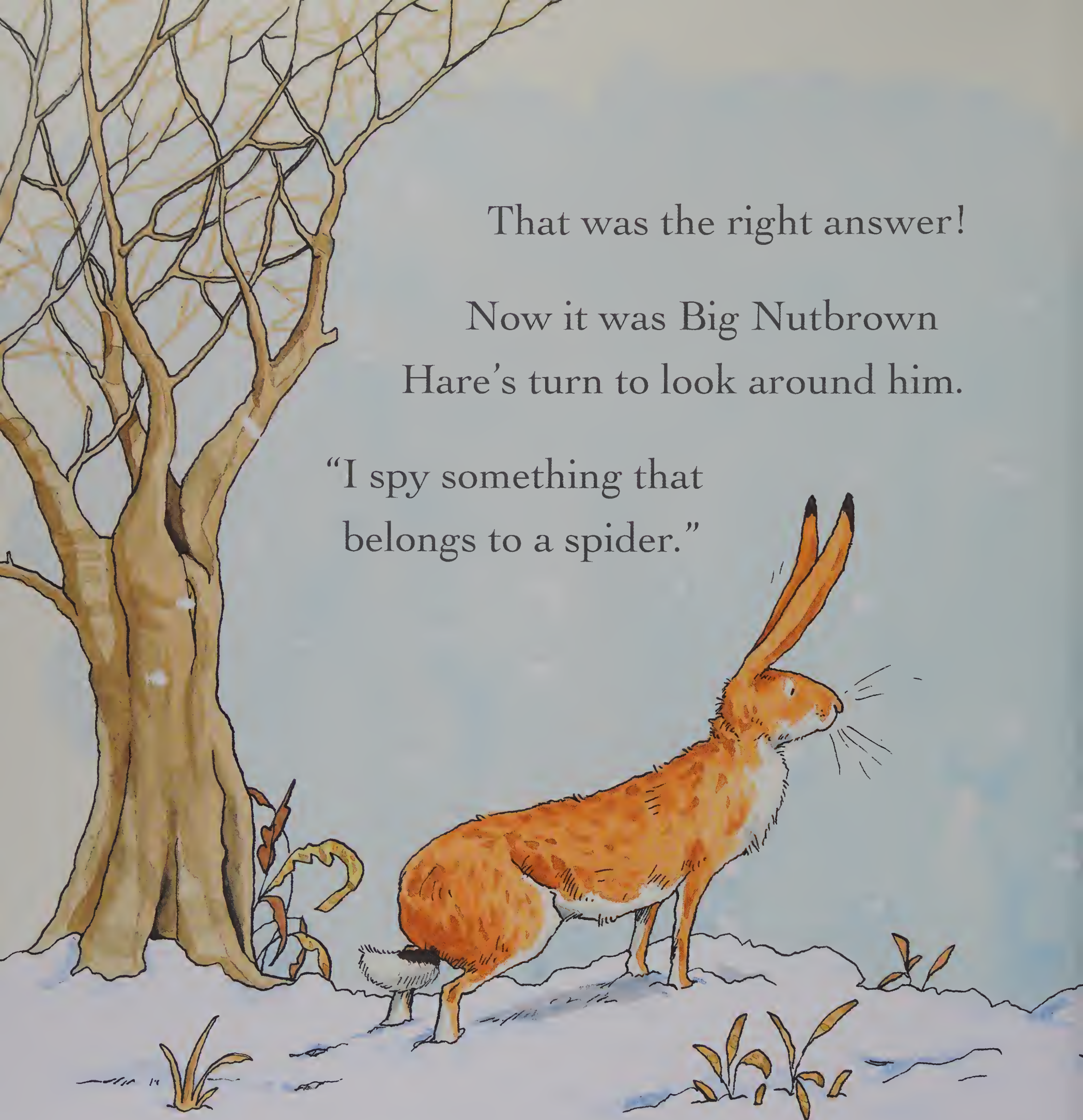
Big Nutbrown Hare  
did some thinking  
about trees.

“Could it be a leaf?”

That was the right answer!

Now it was Big Nutbrown  
Hare's turn to look around him.

"I spy something that  
belongs to a spider."



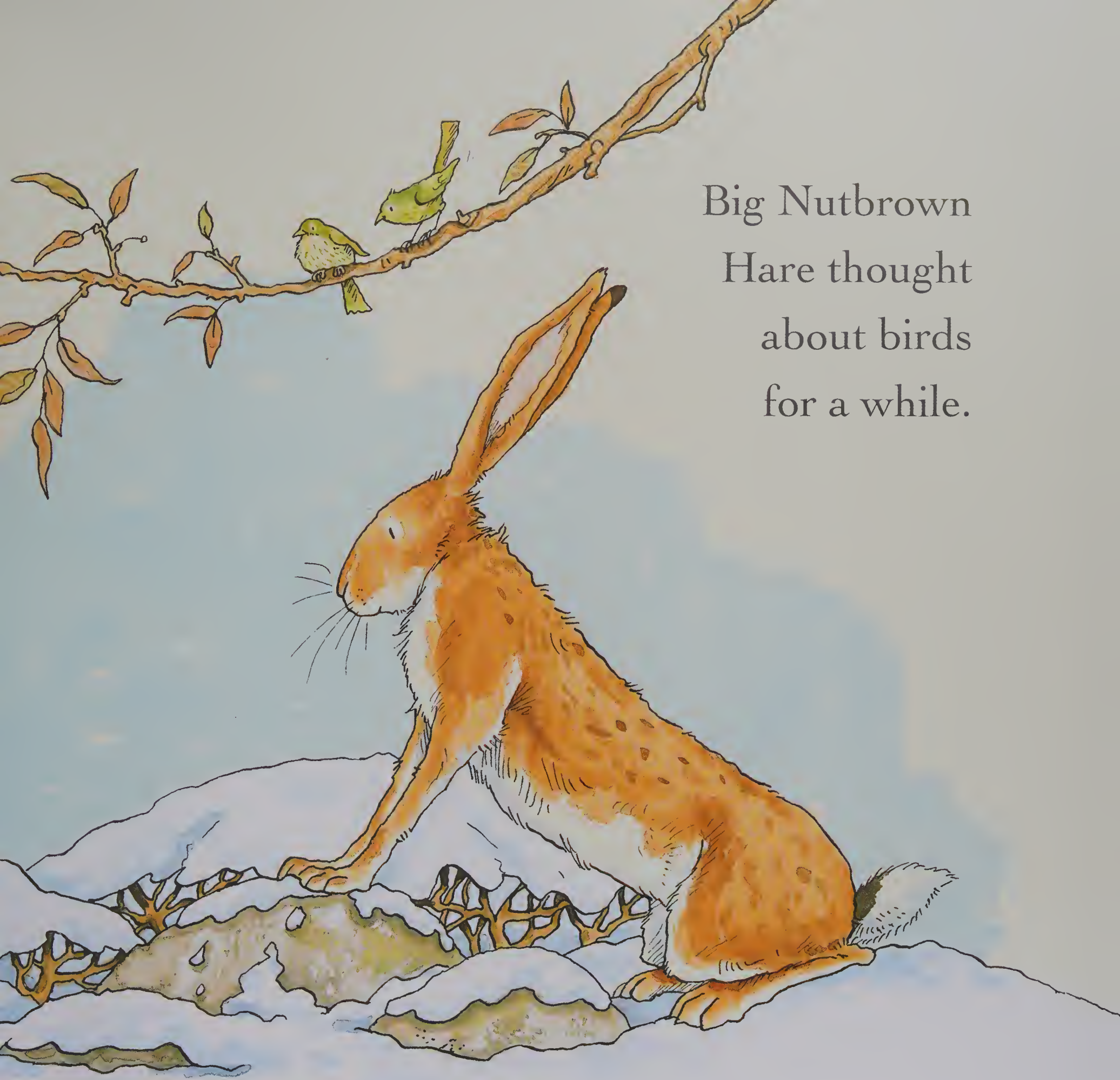


"A web!" said  
Little Nutbrown Hare.

Yes! A web was the answer.

“I spy something that  
belongs to a bird,” said  
Little Nutbrown  
Hare.

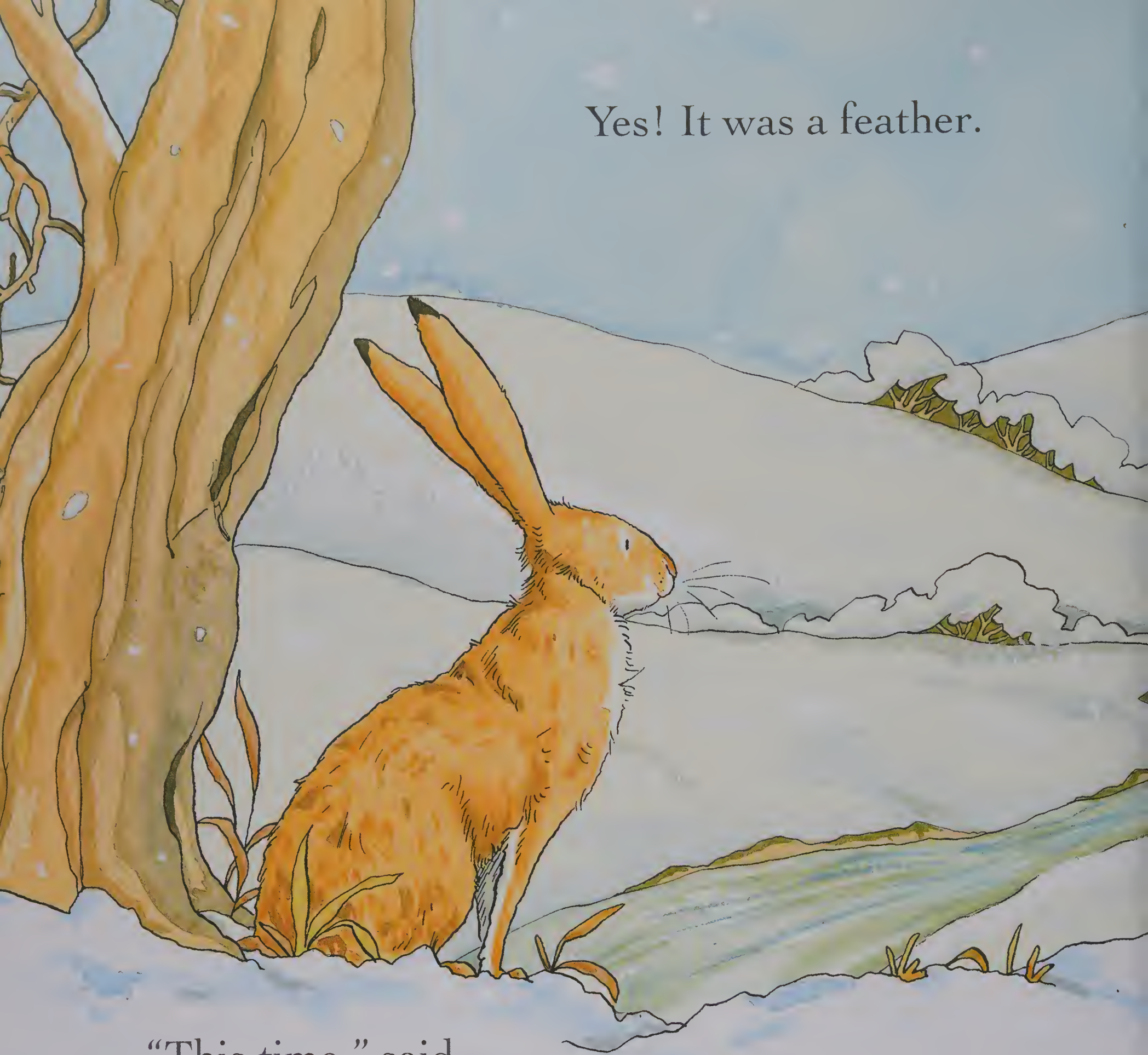




Big Nutbrown  
Hare thought  
about birds  
for a while.

Then he said, "Could it be a feather?"

Yes! It was a feather.



“This time,” said  
Big Nutbrown Hare, “I spy something that  
belongs to the river. And it’s wet, wet, wet.”



“Water!” cried Little Nutbrown Hare.

Water was the answer.

Little Nutbrown Hare began to laugh.

I've got a good one, he thought.

"I spy something that belongs to me."

Big Nutbrown Hare was puzzled.

"Can I have a clue?" he said.

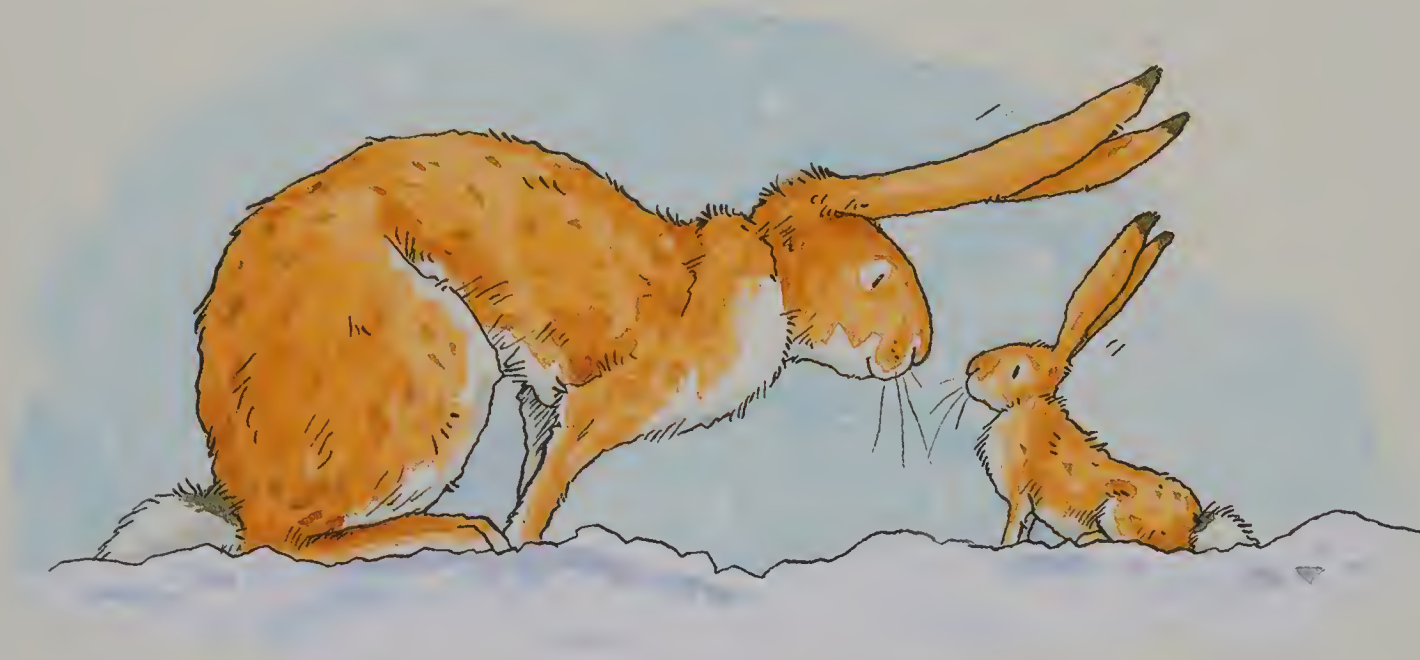
"It's only there when the  
sun comes out."



“Your shadow!” said  
Big Nutbrown  
Hare.

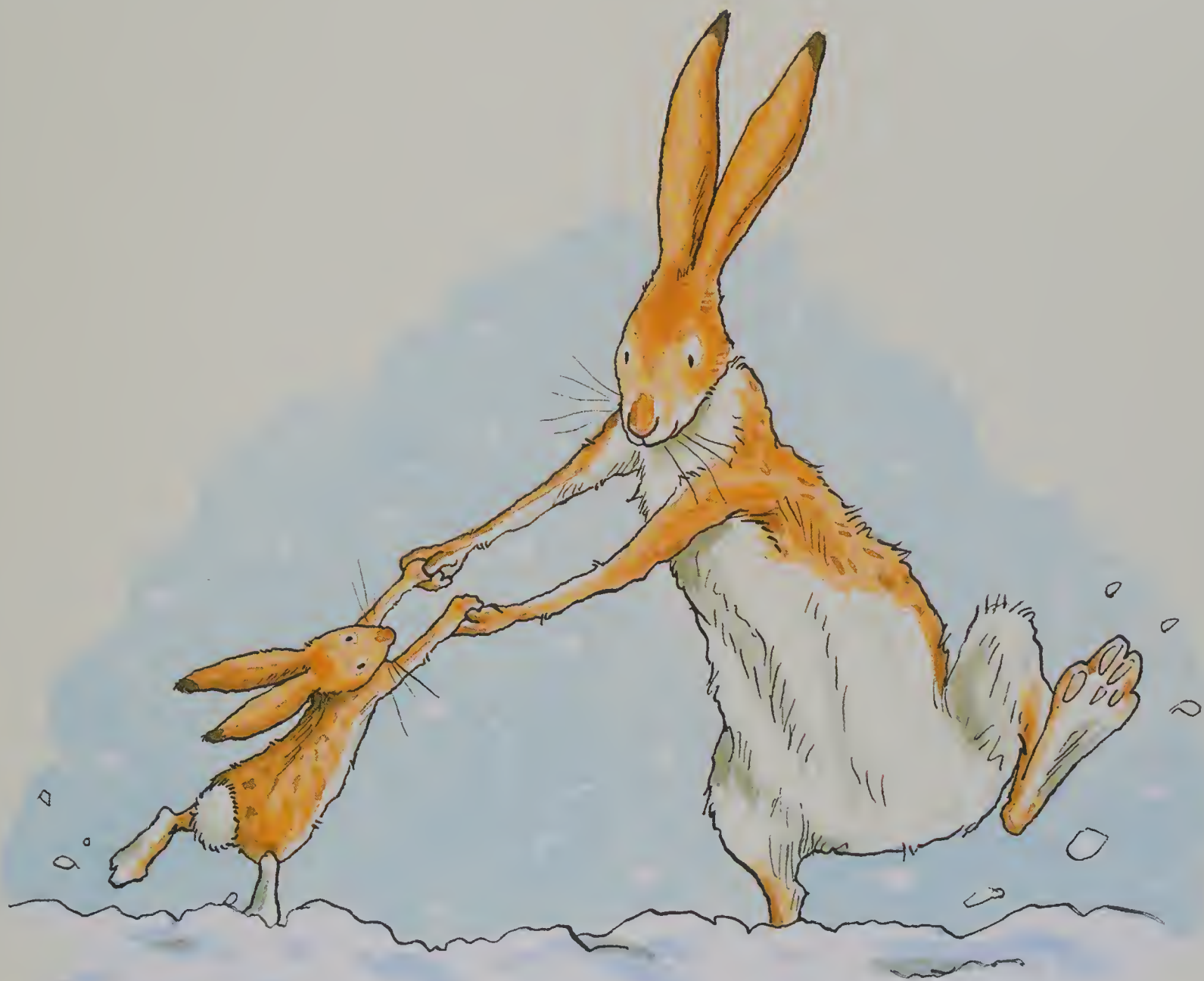


Then Big Nutbrown Hare said,  
“I spy something that belongs to *me*  
and it’s not my shadow.”



This was a really tricky one.  
Little Nutbrown Hare did some  
thinking, and then he said,  
“Can I have a clue?”

“It’s little. . . . It’s nutbrown. . . .  
It’s my most favorite thing. . . .



And it can hop.”



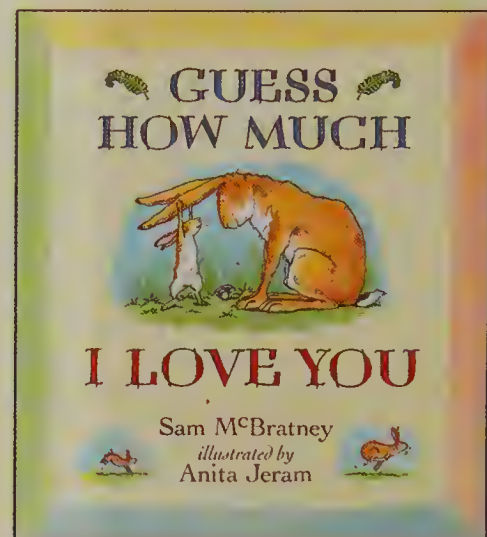
“It’s me!”





Also by Sam McBratney  
and Anita Jeram:

Sometimes when you love  
someone very, very much, you  
want to find a way to describe  
how big your feelings are.  
But, as Little Nutbrown Hare  
and Big Nutbrown Hare  
discover, love is not an easy  
thing to measure!



With more than 20 million  
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*Guess How Much I Love You*  
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make it a modern classic.

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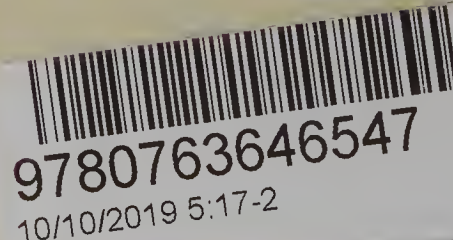


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